

MY IDENTITY

Smt. Durgabati Tripathy

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[A collection of Poems and Short Stories)

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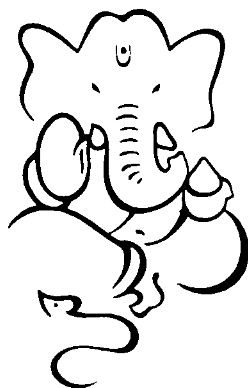
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ॐ





वक्रतुण्ड महाकाय
सूर्यकोटि समप्रभः ।
निर्विघ्नं कुरू मे देव
सर्वकार्येषु सर्वदा ।





Dedicated to

My dearest Sister, Friend & Well Wisher

Ila

(Late Ila Panda)

who from her very childhood loved all my

stories ; poems and inspired to keep up

writing, and again named this book.

by Kunnani

(Smt. Durgabati Tripathy)

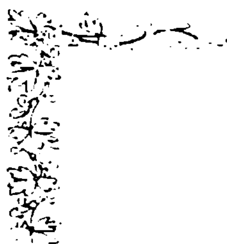




AN APPEAL

Please do ignore my ignorance because
I am nearly ignorant.





"One moon can remove the darkness

From the world

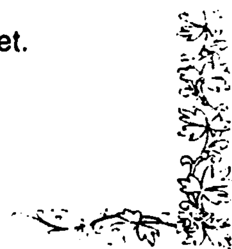
But

Innumerable stars"

"I believe in calibre,

Not in number".

The poet.



Dr. Shubhendra Mohan SrichandanSingh
Poet, Essayist, Story Teller, Critic and Educationist,
President, Shishu Sahitya Lekhaka Sammelan,
Samantasahi, Cuttack - 753001

FOREWARD

Free and straight forward expression of oneself is a fundamental right of a citizen as enshrined in the constitution of this country, but versification, writing of a fiction or telling a story must be the sole privilege of a creative writer. Writers and poets, all over the world are highly esteemed as they serve the society as the guardians of freedom of expression and are torch bearers in the field of revolution and new thoughts. Writers have no definite religion, caste, creed or society. They are far above the traditional views of religion or faith, even of nationality. They are a class by themselves and they belong to the international citizenery. They are the ambassadors of the entire humanity, standing for universal love and brother - hood.

All people do not write books. Only a few, who have a message to the prosterity to pass down do enter the field of writing and they leave their desired imprint in the printed pages. Hence, books are not the lifeless sheets of paper, they are the very documents bearing some messages of thinking minds.

Smt. Durgabati Tripathy, the poet and story teller, has already published half a dozen of books in Oriya, her mother tongue. In this present venture, she publishes, the English version of some of her writings. This complication presents twentyfive poems, and four stories, under the caption "My Identity".

Her poems, though might lack in poetic diction as per the strict English verse and meter, are rich in poetic beauty, philosophical values and have definite messages to the society. They stand for the high ideology that the ancient rishis or seers visualized. She seeks and affirms her identity as an humble member of the vast humanity shunning all her social and worldly

features. A person who finds oneself in the humanity and the humanity in one's self is termed Prajna or the Wise. She solemnly claims : I am a human being, / I'm used to love human beings, / I'm used to serve human beings, and / My humanity, my humanity only, : is my identify [My identity].

She wonders at the religious bigotry and violent clshes. She doesn't subscribe to the traditional religions and faiths and believes : Our father is the Sky, / Our mother is the Earth / Our blood and flesh are related / and we have to enjoy the mirth. [A Little Request] Don't they reflect and echo the hymns of the ancients ?

In Four Phases of Life, the poet narrates the simple down - to - the earth truths while in The Village Girl, she weeps at the pathetic fate of a forlorn desperate woman. Her prayers are always illumining, simple, breathing in higher spiritual values of mankind. Death to her is not a terror, but a friend and herpten is her life.

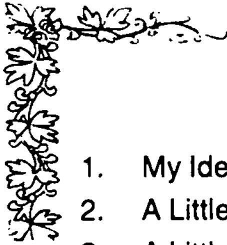
In all the twenty five poems of this anthology, we find the poet spontaneously pouring out her inward feelings in the simplest manner. The poems speak for themselves where in she unmistakably expresses her ideas, experiences and messages.

The second part of this book includes a word on herself and four short stories, woven around hapless women of the rural India, specifically rural Orissa. Two of them are house wives. Both of them suffered from inhuman tortures meted out to them by their spouses and kins, which is the very natural scene is our Indian or Orissan background. She rightly visualizes the mental tortures that the womanhood undergoes in Indian society. Her silent sympathy for this suffering womanhood and her condemnation for the cruelty, violation of human rights and violence against woman can be strongly felt in each word of the stories. The heritage is equally a touching story centring round a depressed woman. The consequence warns the young girls against unmarried motherhood.

I am sure, the book would offer immense pleasure and mental food to the readers.

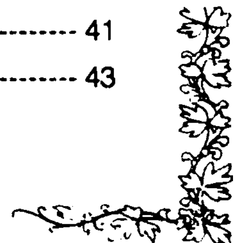
Jai Jagannath

Orissa, Divas, 2005



Contents :





MY IDENTITY

Long since, applying all my ability,
I am sincerely searching for my identify.

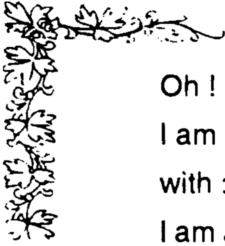
Can I be identified as the baby daughter
of professor Misra on his Lap ?
Oh ! No, it has been buried behind,
it has become a generation gap.

Can I be identified as the loving sister
of my intellectual brother ?
Oh ! No, he is a family - man now
for a long - lost sister how can he bother ?

Can I be identified as the newly wed bride
to the prince like son of Sardar - Huzoor
getting a lively welcome at his door ?
Oh ! No, I am no longer a beautiful bride now,
this happy occasion occurred years back.

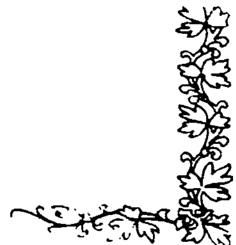
Can I be idenitfied as the beloved wife
of my late husband any more ?
Oh ! No, I have lost him long - since,
to help me, to stand by my side, he is no more .

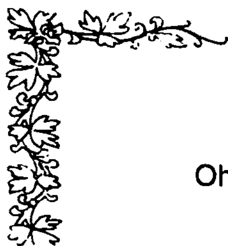
Can I be identified according to my children,
grand-children, or, great-grand-children's name ?
Shall I have to use their name and fame ?
Have I no identity of my own ??



Oh ! yes, I have,
I am born upon this lovely green earth,
with all other creatures, in human - family.
I am a human being,
I'm used to love human beings,
I'm used to serve human beings, and,
My humanity, my humanity only,
: Is my **IDENTITY.**







A LITTLE REQUEST

Oh God ! An ignorant, I know nothing;
do humbly ask,
do ask, to see thy real form
do put off the mask.

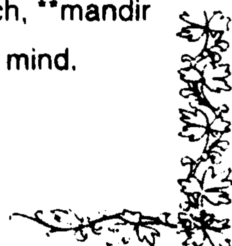
You wear the mask of Bramha - Vishnu -
Maheswar for the Hindu,
For Muslims you wear the mask
of Allah ! in Urdu...

For the *Isais, you wear the mask
of Christ in Jesus' name,
But Oh God! I am eager to
see Thy real frame.

You are Ominprsent, Omnicient
that all of us do admit,
Then, why the religious clash ?
Why there be any conflict ??

Some worship you in statues
of various kind,
Some worship you in mosque, church, **mandir
and cave with devoted mind.

Our father is the sky,



Our mother is the earth,
Our blood and flesh are related, and
We have to enjoy the mirth.

The way of worship may differ;
But our destiny is one,
We must always remember that,
We are human, are human.

Oh God ! An ignorant, I know nothing
beg of you, and ask :
Do tie us with one Human Love
and Throw away the mask.



* Isai : Christian

* Mandir : Temple of Hindus



A LITTLE WISH

Oh God ! I beg of you
Do fulfil my little wish,
Those who think me their enemy
And torture me, give then peace,

Do bless them, shower them best of luck,
Because I cannot think of any
existing enemy of mine,
All are my fellowmen, all are my friends,
And children of Thine.

I cannot cut off one hand of mine,
if it ever gets hurt,
I have to bear it, I will bear it.
Oh God ! Do fulfil my little wish,
So that I can bear it happily,
bear it happily, without
any complaint to you.

❑❑❑



FOUR PHASES OF LIFE

(ONE)

Sweet - baby's beautiful bright laugh,
Reminds of what is called mirth.

A baby's two lovely eyes,
Remind us what innocence is.

A sleeping baby's face,
Tells us what is divine grace.

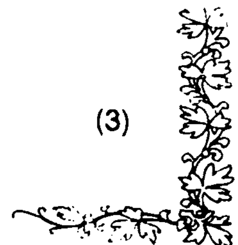
But complications enter into its life day by day,
One day at last, it becomes life's prey.

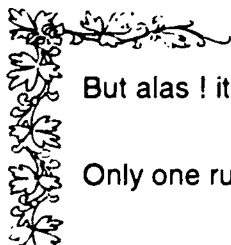
(TWO)

When youth comes, love enters
the life, no-one knows,
Only with imagination and,
meeting of four eyes it grows .

Love is only the flower's fragrance,
floated clouds of sweet dreams,
feeling of thrilling thoughts, and
soothing breeze it seems. (2)

Love is not at all of
any type of dealings,
It dwells within one's
heartfelt feelings. (3)





But alas ! it is very very delicate
just as a baby plant,
Only one rude word or the slightest disbelief
makes it vanish in an instant . (4)

(THREE)

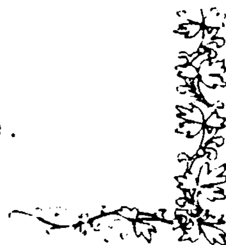
To secure, love and peace
deep loyalty is the goal ,
Life-partners have to surrender to
each other with body, heart and soul.

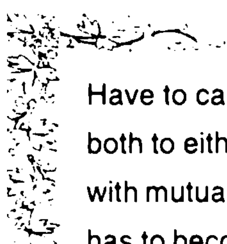
The wife has to honour three 'M' s of her man,
those are MOOD, MONEY and MANNER,
should have to be conscious of his mood,
considerate to his money and to cope with
his manner .

The hubby has to handle the bride
with softwords and heartfelt care,
should never use force to get love, but,
has to wait for her to surrender and share.

As trees fall down in storm, flowing rivers
dry, grasses burn by the sun,
So love dies due to rude - words and distrust
no sweetness, remains in the long run .

Give and take, make conjugal love alive,
may it be a kiss or a flower,
If conflicts arise, both have to say "Sorry"
mutual understanding should be there .





Have to care and share, all weal and woe
both to eithers kinsmen or relation,
with mutual co-operation, entire life
has to become the happiest and a great fun.

(FOUR)

If old age has come,
Be very very careful about your tongue.

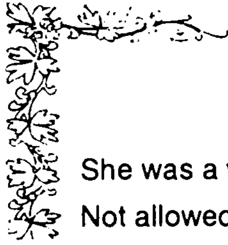
Do never bother about what you
could not have, or could not do,
But be satisfied with what you have,
and how you have gone the life through .

Do never grumble at your children
telling that they neither give you money nor honour,
Be content with what you have got
do love them; for more why do you bother ?

No money, no riches, but contentment
have to be your most valuable wealth,
which can make your mind free
to help others and cause your
happiness and sound health .

❑❑❑





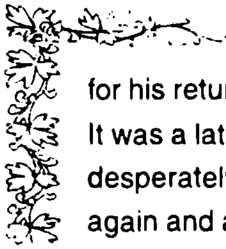
THE VILLAGE GIRL

She was a village girl,
Not allowed to read or wirte,
For she was not a male child.
Her husband went away to earn,
to earn money, to have a better living.
But did not return, not returned yet.
She was all alone in their house,
A thatched mud house,
behind a sal tree,
near by a spring.

She was waiting and waiting, but,
her waiting did not come to an end.
Hearing the slightest sound,
she got startled, used to come out,
Come out with two watery - eyes wide open,
Searching.........

She fell ill, fell ill at last,
from her sick bed, she hoped to get,
to get her husband back.
But alas ! he had not come, never came.
Never came, because he could not
collect money over there,





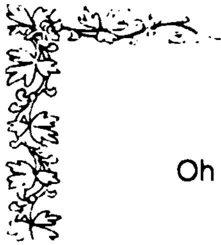
for his return journey earlier.
It was a late night,
desperately she opened and shut her eyes,
again and again, searching in vain.
Sweet air, was touching her face softly,
touched her hair soothingly
she felt her husband's touch through
the air, suddenly she saw a dreamy sweet
vision: that, her husband had come,
that her head lay on his lap.
She murmured "I don't want ot die.
Oh! do you hear me ?
My dear !I want to live
with you my darling ! to live with you
for ever.........

But her feeble voice became lower and lower,
She shut her eyes, shut her eyes
for ever and slept in peace.
Enjoyed a peaceful eternal sleep.

The candle blew off, blew off by a gush of wind,
The night was nearing dawn
Some one's foot fall heard.
Some one was arriving at her silent door,
: may be her husband,
but she was no more.

❑❑❑





MY EXISTENCE

Oh my dear children,
do not worry, do remember,
I will continue to live
with you for ever.

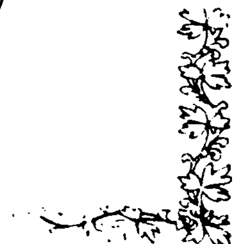
If I ever die, my body
will perish not me,
I will never leave this world,
but live with thee.

When the creation started, I was present
with my ancestors, in human seed,
I can never remember what was
my the then caste and creed.

I was present with them, I am present with
you, and , I will be within your
fore - coming children,
and, I must always remember that,
I am human, I am human.

I will exist, till the world exists
in the human race,
and, I must remove all the conflicts
within and without to make my
loving Earth fresh.

❑❑❑



THREE GENUINE PACKAGES

From pitch - dark - womb, upon
this earth, the human child hailed,
Cried 'uan' 'uan', to enjoy the light,
to see the sight, it failed.

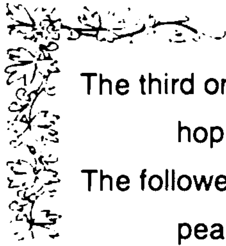
It felt unsafe, even in its
mother's lap, upon this earth,
Prayed to God, to make a success
Out of its birth.

With an unseen light approaches
the Supreme Self,
softly whisphers to its ear : Stop Crying,
I have come to help.

I have given you knowledge and skill
three genuine packages to use,
select a one to be used in
your life, that you choose .

The first package is the sense of duty,
May it cause mirth or sorrow,
The second is found to be full of ambitions :
to be rich, by hook or crook;
beg or borrow.





The third one contains detachment, selfless service,
hoping for no reward,
The followers of this package use to have
peace, throughout the life on ward.

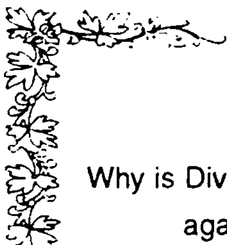
The follower of the second package, being a
guard to its wealth, loses all peace,
And his flatterers, spouse and children
make him all proud and selfish.

The followers of the first package, may be
poor; get peace and satisfaction,
Leave behind, the blessing of the Almighty for children
with grace of the Divine One.

One's future depends on the use of the
particular pakcage by the particular person
To select the package, God has given him
knowledge, wisdom, and made him **HUMAN**.







THE DIVORCE

Why is Divorce ? Think over
again and again, why Divorce ?
We're here to enjoy the conjugal bliss, is to
inherit a God - given vital force.

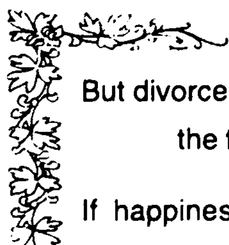
Husband and wife are just as
both sides of one coin,
Both can never meet, but to
count value both have to join.

To have a divorce is to lose a
life partner, children and mental peace,
To say sorry, to make compromise is,
to regain peace and God's bliss.

Can one ever divorce a father, mother,.
brother or sister in life ?
No, then, why one would break a family,
two hearts ? divorce a husband or wife !

If conflict arises, do shout and quarrel
violently with each other,
But after quarrel, be calm and quiet and
discuss the matter over and over.
Quarrelling is nothing, but a
natural feature of life,





But divorce is something that ruins
the future of both husband and wife.

If happiness pure and peace lasting to my in
life, one wants to get,
The faults of the life - partner
One have to forgive and forget.

To enjoy a conjugal - life, is to
inherit God given vital force,
be very careful, think over and over,
why one would n't compromise !
but seek divorce !!





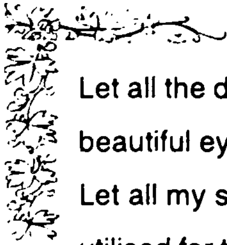
A PRAYER : I

Oh God ! I beg of you give me a boon and
make me firewood, so that,
My body may be cherished and perished
by cooking food for the starved:

Oh God ! I pray, do make my body
a candlestick, so that by burning
myself, I can be able to destroy darkness
and show a little light to the people in need.

Oh God ! pray make me the monsoon - cloud
so that, I can be able to give every drop
of water, of my cloudy - body, to
make my beloved earth green and prosperous.

Oh God! Be kind enough to make me the humble
grass on the path; so that by twisting
and perishing my body, I can be able to
take away the foot pain of the poor
bare footted travellers.

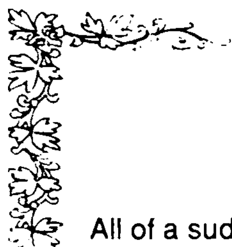


Let all the drops of tear of my
beautiful eyes, flow to console the sufferers.
Let all my savings be
utilised for the poor and needy.

Oh God! my last prayer to you is,
Do take away all the earthly wishes
from my heart and make it empty, so that,
I can be able to share with others
happiness and sorrow.

❑❑❑





THE DEADLY TYFOON

All of a sudden a tyfoon broke out,
Air - cum -thunder made a big shout .

Tall trees bowed their heads and said,
Oh God ! Do spare our lives, do not make us dead.

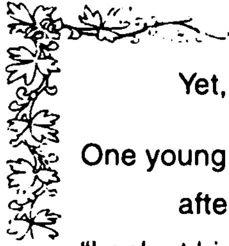
Still some trees got uprooted, some stood heads bent,
the air was furious,
The trees shivered seriously, surrendering
the supreme as previous.

Heavy rain drops started falling
upon the earth,
From inside each human - heart
a great panic took birth.

The men ran shouting helter skelter
searching for shelter,
But in vain, the sea over flew,
Swallowed up, most of them into its water.

Threw them out, before next morning
making them dead,
This calamity continued for two days,





Yet, a few left alive inside their shed.

One young body lay on the shore
after two days,
"Look at his pyjamas, he must be a Muslim"
Mr Seikh says.

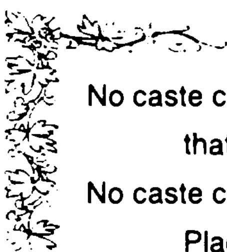
Protested Sardarjee
"The lad must be a Sikh,
he owns long hair, to be a Muslim
how can you think ?"

"Oh no, the boy's long hair" said the purohit
Long hair is kept to be spared, off
and sacrificed at a sacred place,
To get God's grace.

The hot discussion at the shore,
Suddenly turned to a big roar.

From upon the road,
an old woman, bent with age, stopped, stared,
and told "About the caste and creed
my sons ! why do you care ?
Look at the corpses, those are burning,
by the volunteers in hot pyre,
No function has been done, of any religion
But burning only with the help of rotten tyre .

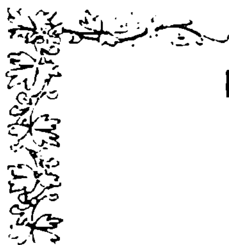




No caste can be stamped on a human corpse
that lay on,
No caste can be found stamped on any baby,
Placed on a doctor's table that is newly born
The nature's tyfoon is at an end :
My sons ! do not invite men made deadly tyfoon.
Now men have become wise, can realise,
and all the conflicts have to be stopped very soon .

❑❑❑





DEATH AND THE WRITER

The last days have come
I am old,
I have to die and
leave this world.

My beautiful body will turn into ashes
being put into pyre,
Be perished and mingled with
earth, water and air.

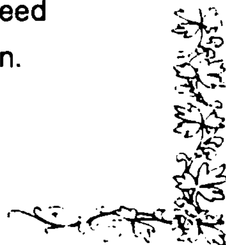
No one will remember
my once existence,
No one will bother about
My sudden disappearance.

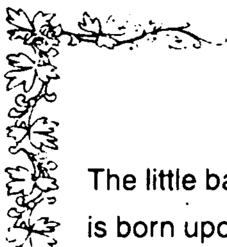
But, I am a writer
Can I ever die ?
Oh No, I will not die,
can never die.

Up till the lasting of my creation
My feelings will continue to linger,
I will continue to be alive, in the heart
and soul of my beloved reader.

I was sharing, am sharing and will share
the mirth and sorrow with the common man,
I am one of them, have no caste or creed
I am only a human, only human.

❑❑❑





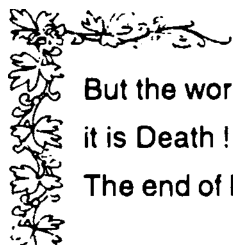
THE CYCLE OF LIFE

The little baby is born,
is born upon this earth, with curly hair,
shining eyes, cute little body, and,
sweet pink lips trembling.
The trembling lips tell in its
own language that, it wants to be
immortal in this mortal world.

The sweet little bride comes,
comes with her shy smiles in her
liquid down - cast eyes,
to create,
to pro create and let the world be
alive, alive; with the help of the groom,
The bride-groom handles the, the
little bride, with great care,
love and tenderness.
Because, love is the grace of God.

How and when youth vanishes,
the once beautiful body decays,
the eyes, the ears and each organ
of the body loses its power, the
old age comes, the life ends,
no - one knows, how ??



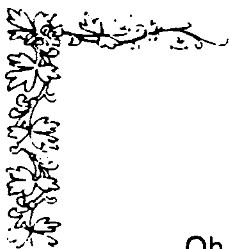


But the world tells with grief
it is Death !
The end of life.

But I think and think,
Is death the end of life ?
Is there nothing beyond ??







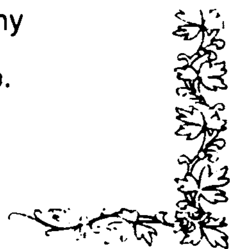
A PRAYER : II

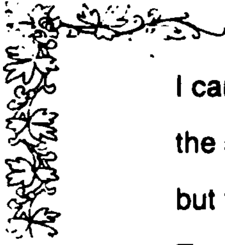
Oh God ! I have a great faith in you,
Do not think otherwise,
I am a foolish kid of your creation
Not at all wise.

I can never follow your illusion,
but can see your beauty lies in flower,
I can feel your kindness through
parents, friends and soothing air.

From one single womb, I think,
all your creatiion have taken birth,
Our real father is the sky and,
mother is the earth.

Oh God ! Do give me knowledge and wisdom;
Do make me a perfect human,
So that I will never hate even an enemy
but treat the entire human race as one.

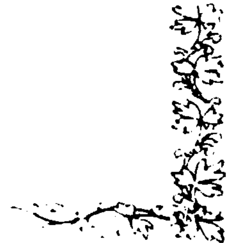


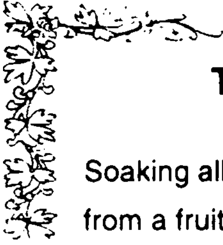


I can never understand
the so called religion,
but try to follow humanity,
To serve the sick,
To help the poor, and,
To keep up peace and unity.

Oh ! I am a foolish little kid
of your creation, small in size,,
Please do give me strength, calibre
and make me wise.







THE MIRACLE OF A SEED

Soaking all the sweet juice
from a fruit, the seed , is thrown away,
Is prisoned within a shell,
to come out it has no way....

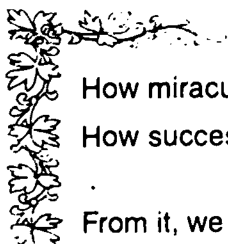
It has been thrown away by men, birds ,
and beasts helter skelter on the field,
After rain, the soil and shell become soft
The seed tries to come out breaking the shield.....

Breaking the shield , on its victory, the seed
laughs showing its white teeth at the morning-sun,
Day by day it grows to be a big tree at last,
for the seed it is a great fun........

It gives soothing breeze, shadow to
travelles, fruits to needy,
It serves the world with oxygen and to make
for them shed or shelter, it remains always ready.

Until it is cut off by men,
Or, fallen down by a storm,
It stands with open arms,
keeping its helpful form.





How miraculous is its deed !

How succesful is a mere seed !

.

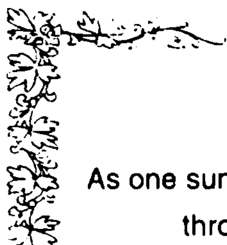
From it, we should learn the sense of duty

and we should destroy nothkng but

enjoy world's beauty.

❑❑❑





GOD AND RELIGION

As one sun can reflect the same reflection
through countless mirrors,
So the God can enkindle infinite hearts
and souls of countless people in this world.....

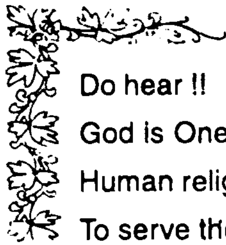
The mirror may differ,
The way of worship may differ,
But God, the Supreme Power is one.

God dwells with you
Always within you, day and night,
in your faith, in your feelings,
in your heart and soul.
God goes off far away
When debate, disbelief and
argument arises.

Every one knows that
the rule of religion is charity,
universal brotherhood and honesty,
the religious - one should serve the sick,
feed the starved.
because in God's creation the human race is unique.

(Srunwantu Sarve Amrutavya Putra !)
Oh Immortal sons of human race !





Do hear !!

God is One

Human religion is Humanity,

To serve the sufferer,

To help the poor is human - duty.

Essence of every religion known as

broadmindedness, fergiveness, kindness and love,

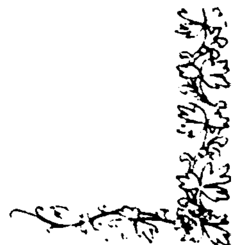
To forgive and forget the sin of individuals,

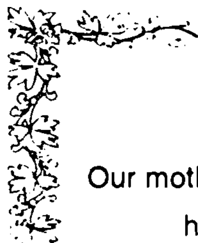
To help the poor and needy, are two vital

points of each religion, and we know :

"SERVICE TO MANKIND IS SERVICE TO GOD".







THE HUMAN RACE

Our mother earth is very very old
huge and vast,
Days, months, years and centuries passed by
and we human are born at last .

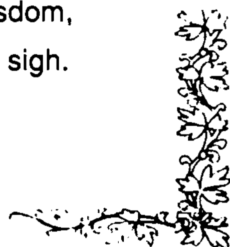
We are born human, will remain human
up till the end of our lives.
We have to honour humanity
and help mankind survives.

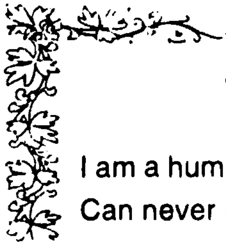
When God created mankind, there were no caste,
no creed, neither Hindu nor Musalman
Our mother is the earth, father is the sky,
We are human, only human.

The time has come, it is high time
The way - wards have to learn their duty,
The time has come, we human should
try to enjoy brother -hood and magic of unity.

If as the dinosaur of old age, we human race
use to fight with each other and die,
Then God, the Creator, Who has given us wisdom,
Knowledge, can do nothing, but only heave a sigh.

❑❑❑





ONE MIND, TWO HANDS

I am a human being of what kind !
Can never realise, that puzzles my mind.

At the mind's order my hands use
to help the poor,
Again one slaps an innocent chap
and becomes a boor.

With the help of my hands
I can pat my pal,
Distribute love with the help of my mind
I realize all the men to be equal.

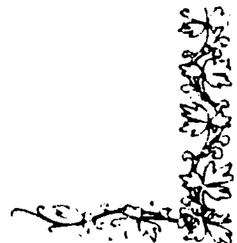
With the help of two hands,
Others' property one can steal,
With the help of two hands,
One can finish an honest deal.

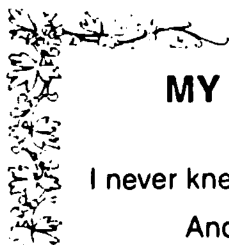
At times ignoring my mind's consent,
I wish to aquire all the earthly contents.

Every work becomes perfect when mind is strong.
When mind becomes weak, every thing goes wrong.

To be a perfect human being
The Supreme has given us power,
To select the perfect work,
Our mind should always be aware.

❑❑❑





MY ATTITUDE AND GRATITUDE

I never knew how did I come to my mother's womb,
And, enrolled myself with relation coil,
I never knew when I did put my first step
With the help of my small feet upon the soil.

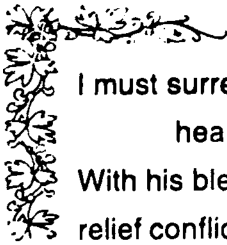
Questions arise in my mind for what
purpose have I taken birth !!
Who am I ? Who am I ? with what purpose
have I come to this earth !!

I never knew why my parents brought me up
with such a selfless love and care,
I never knew why my husband showered love and
affection upon me and with my feelings
why did he share.

I am ever grateful to God, who had
created me a human - being, a woman,
I am satisfied with my life, I have
no complaint against any one.

I am ever grateful to the nature, that has
given me such a splendid mirth,
I am ever grateful to my teacher, preacher
And those who tried to make a success
out my birth.



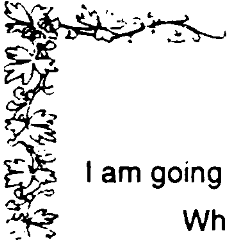


I must surrender to God with body,
heart and soul, respect and belief.
With his blessings I must discard all the
relief conflicts within and bring the world releif.

As the vast sky is above our heads :
So is the religion,
It is to keep up human moral :
Never meant for destruction.







THE NEW YEAR

I am going to welcome the new year
Which is nearly approaching,
My heart - beats take speed
It is really amazing.

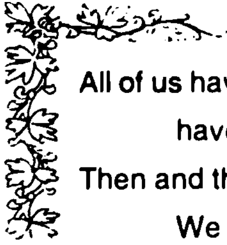
The year demands with its airy voice
and requests :
"Do take proper care and do try
to make this year the best."

It is high time we must honour our
neighbour forgetting caste or creed,
We must remember that, all of us
are of the same human breed.

We have to love our better-halves
and honour their rights,
Then, and then only our country can
awake and our future can be bright.

Our so called leaders have our fates under
their control, for mere votes, force us to drink,
should we not honour our own dignity and before
voting should we not again and again think !!





All of us have to learn our mother-tongue
have to learnt to read and write,
Then and then only, no one can cheat us
We can be aware of our own right .

We should honour talents among us, who labour
hard in science, literature, at factory or field,
We should pick them up, because they give us
honour, money and the food they yield .

Way of living may differ, we must hold our
heads high and honour humanity,
To make this year the best we have to
honour world wide borther -hood and unity.

We have to make our choice,
We have to do according to the year's voice.







A SIS (TER) ON BEHALF OF BAJPAYEE TO MR CLINTON

Your Highness beheld from America
I am from India,
Deep love for humanity is our
inter-connecting media ...

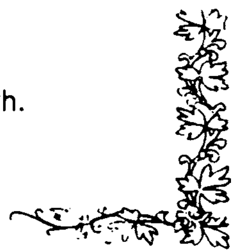
Your country is rich,
Our country men are poor,
Yet, our minds are broad, thoughts are high
And, we never prefer to be boor.....

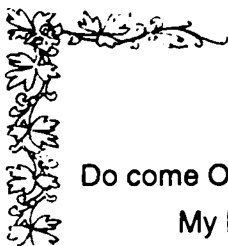
Out ancestors taught us that,
The earth is our mother,
Father is the sky and human - beings
Are brother to each other.

The whole world is our home,
Total creation is our family,
We have to abolish brutality,
Create love and faith deeply.

We have to discard conflicts within,
And welcome mirth,
We have to be united and,
Bring peace to the earth.

❑❑❑





DEATH

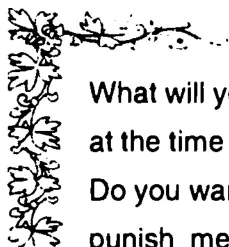
Do come Oh Death ! My friend !
My last love ! Do come,
I am waiting for you, waiting for you long since,
Since the very day of my birth.

I am waiting to greet you with open arms,
Do come. Do exhibit your sweet self.
The time has come, I have to leave,
To leave this mortal body,
Being burnt in pyre.

I wish to meet you, to greet you,
At the end of path of this mortal life,
To start a new step only with you,
Oh Death ! My darling !
My Friend ! my last Love !
Do come.

Do come
I wish to forget my first shelter, my mother's womb,
I wish to forget my sweet child-hood,
My childish play, my friends and foes,
My sweetest love, my dearest children,
Only for you,
Oh Death ! My Darling! My Friend !
My last love !
Do come.





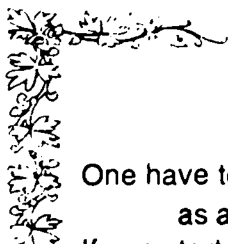
What will you do to me
at the time when we meet ?
Do you want ot punish me ?
punish me for the wrong I have ever done,
ever done in this world !!

Oh No, believe me, do believe me,
I have never done anything wrong by myself,
neither I have done any virtuous act,
nor committed sin.
I had to do anything and everything
according to the instruction of an
invisible High Command.
I had to dance to His tune.
Who is He ? Is that You ??

Oh Death ! My Darling ! My Friend !
My last love !! Do come.
Do come and embrace me with your
cold touch,
Let me have eternal peace...
with eternal sleep.







MAN AND WORK

One have to consider each and every work
as a game, not as a burden,
If one starts one's own work happily, then
even the hard work can be easily done.

If one starts to work with a heavy heart,
thinks can never reach its height
Always remains afraid of, can never
be able to face its sight ....

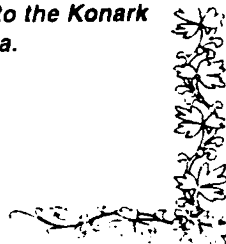
Do never ignore a child's calibre
because he may become a Dharmapada*,
and can even give the finishing touch to the temple
where twelve hundred failed ....

For any work old age can
never be a barrier,
Even at an old age one can start
to build one's prime career....

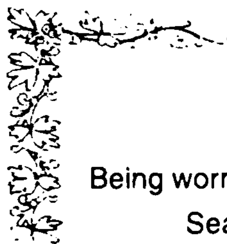
Do never discard old aged men,
do honour their ability,
They can advise you in many ways,
can put up a vivid picture of olden society ...

Every work is only work,
Do it happily, with enthusiasm,
in day or in dark.

A tweleve year lad, who gave the finishing touch to the Konark Temple. He was Dharmapada, son of Bisu Maharana.



❑❑❑



PEACE

Being worried of life man is searching,
Searching for peace here and there in vain,
Searching for peace in home front, public sector,
Business centre, but, what can he gain ??

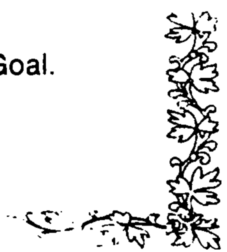
If you are in search of happiness,
In search of peace,
You have to honour others, virtues, and,
ignore their faults at an ease....

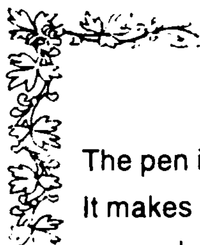
To erris human, if you know
the remedy,
should rectify, show others
the right path,
After that, grief and worries
will vanish,
and will remain only mirth.

God has created side by side,
happiness, grief, good and bad.
You should neither hurt one in work onward
nor make another sad....

Peace sits on its foam like peace giving throne
in side your heart and soul,
Bring it out to action, be satisfied with
What you have got, and, achieve the Goal.

❑❑❑





MY PEN

The pen is my life, my pen is my life,
It makes me forget the world and
helps me to survive...

My pen is thirsty, very very thirsty,
it drinks ink to its heart's content,
again,
It vomits its blue - black - blood
with pain and relief on a piece of paper .....

Upon a plain sheet it makes alphabet,
alphabet, those create language,
The poweful language tries to tie
the whole world with one thread, with one thread
of peace, brotherhood and unity ....

The pen is my life, my pen is my life
It makes me forget the world's existence,
helps me to survive....

The touch of the pen inspires me
to go through a new life, to wards a new start,
It makes me forget world's worries and care,
Pours sweet thoughts into my heart ....

It shows me the beautiful world and,
makes my heavy heart light,

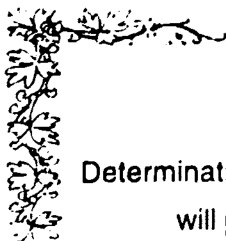


It does never allow me to see a single
of world's evil sight....

I wish to be useful to the world, useful
to the world of old and young,
I wish to be content with what
I have, and sing my song....

My pen is my life, my pen is my life,
Up till the day of death it will give strength,
Satisfaction and will help me to survive ...

❑❑❑



DETERMINATION

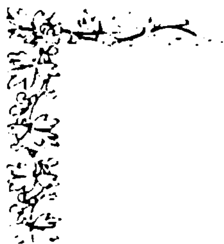
Determination is God-given
will power, that, dwells within you,
Derive it from within, and it must
help your work, as well as your view ....

Never be afraid of facing the duty
that you have to do,
Be determined, have confidence,
You can easily pass through....





STORY SECTION

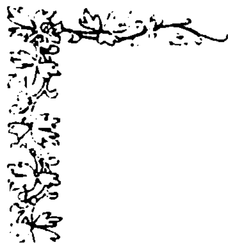


AN APPEAL

Herewith I am presenting three of my stories to my dear readers . I have a great confidence that, these stories will be duly appreciated by them. I will be ever-grateful if some one, translates into and publishes my stories in some other language, only after intimating me and obtaining my permission. With hope and best wishes.

Durgabati Tripathy





CONTENTS



A FEW WORDS ON MYSELF

Just at the time of sun - rise of the 3rd October 1929, I was born, born a fifth daughter and sixth child to Late Professor Narayan Mishra and Late Smt. Taramani Devi, at the then superintendent quarters, West Hotel, Ravenshaw College, Cuttack. I have spent sweet six years of my childhood over there. I can remember my friends Thura, Lulu, Naren and Lata. Naren was a Behari, Lata a Sambalpuri. Yet we never faced any language problem and we were best friends at that time.

In 1939, October, my mother died of Cancer. It was a great shock to me. At that time, I came across a local "Yatra" performance where over there was the role of a motherless prince. The little prince was crying so bitterly that not a single person of the audience could cntrol tears. I returned home with a heavy heart and started writing poems on my dead mother's memory. I wrote poems first and then wrote letters, nearly every day, about our problems. But it was a top secret of mine. After my mohter's death, my name from the school roll was struck off. At that time. I was just promoted to class Sixth with hundred percent marks in Maths. I had to stay at home to manage house hold work because I was a girl - child. After their work, the cook and the servant used to go to their resting room. My father used to go to the college, brother and sisters used to go to school. It was very painful for me staying alone. I was crying and complaining standing in front of my mother's photograph on the wall. Now all through these days, I wept piteously appealed my father again and

again to allow me to carry on my study. At last, I got permission to join school. After three years, when I should have been in class IX, I was admitted in Class X in Jan 1944. It was a short session. I passed Matric exam, one year ahead of my classmates in March 1945 and joined in Ravenshaw College. I could not appear at my Intermediate Sc. Exam as I got married.

Got married and came to Durgapur, a village in Mayurbhanj. I wished to adjust myself to the situation. I wished to be a good wife and an ideal mother. With my husband's encouragemnt, I started writing again. My stories, poems and articles got published in various magazines in Orissa. I got some prizes and honours even. I have published some five books with great difficulties. We came to town to bring our children up, make them settled and all of them are well settled by now.

Both of us, my husband and me, came back to stay in our village again. He died of cerebral stroke on the 26th June 1995, leaving me alone. All my children offered their hands for help. But I preferred to stay on my own with my work, with my farming, till I am able. I wish to keep myself busy with my literary and social work. I wish to serve my readers with my stories and poems. I wish to know their opinions, and views. I very much need their help.

Lastly, I do not know how long I am left to live on ! When this life of mine will come to an end !! I am waiting, a non - stop waiting to meet my last love the DEATH !!!.

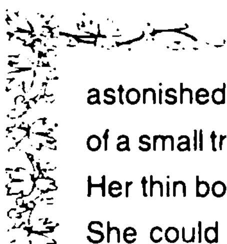
❑❑❑

NOLI
OR
THREE STATEMENT

Dear Reader, An adibasi girl Nali is the heroine of this story. Here are three statemnts showing how amazing Adibasi character can be !!

THE FIRST STATEMENT

I am Rangila Murmu. Nali was my only sister. She was only two months old when my mother died. I was married by then. My father had no son. So he let my husband stay with him. After my mother's death, little Nali was brought up under my care. I took care of her not as my little sister, but as if she was my first born child. My father had a very little landed property to cultivate. Though we laboured hard, we could not have full meal every day. From her very childhood, Nali's dream was to make us rich. But man proposes and God disposes. Her dream could never come true. Days passed by. Nali became a black beauty. A very rich lad of our community married her. Nali came to visit us for the first time after marriage. The night was deep. The stars were twinkling over in the sky. The moon was nearly full, laughing with its bright light. The air was touching sweetly and was playing with the leaves. I came out to have some fresh air and got



astonished to see Nali. She placed her head on the branch of a small tree. She was weeping bitterly without any sound. Her thin body was trembling severely . I came to her side. She could not know of this. She was weeping as if her heart was breaking with acute pain. I patted her at her back and asked,

"What happened Nali ?"

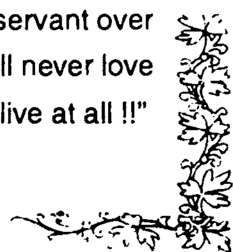
She tried to hide her face and said, "Nothing matters, it is a little headache that bothers me. Have you not slept yet my dear elder sister ? You are a hard working woman and it is high time you should have taken rest".

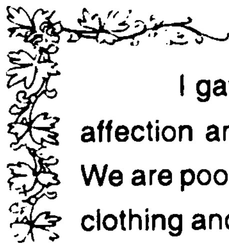
I patted her lovingly again and again and asked, " Do not tell me a lie. Tell me the truth. My darling ! What happened?"

She tried her best to hide the truth again. This made me very grave and serious I asked, " Is your mother-in-law good to you ? Is your husband treating you well "?

She could not resist herself any more. She placed her head on my shoulder, cried bitterly and opened her heart,

"Oh my dearest sister , there is nothing good, it will simply pain you. I am nothing but a maid servant over there. Your brother -in-law never loved me, will never love me. What is the use of my life ? Why am I to live at all !!"





I gave her consolation, patted her hair with great affection and care, and said, "Listen my darling sister ! We are poor people. We should be satisfied with free food, clothing and lodging. That you get. We should never hope for smething more". Again I told her, "If you can have a child any way it will bring you peace and satisfaction".

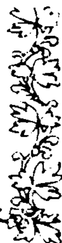
After a year or so, she gave brith to a male child. I could not understand what went wrong with her. She fell ill. She suffered and suffered for long five years sticking to her sick-bed. My brother -in-law who had no interest in her, at first, took great care. Spent many sleepless nights nursing her. He called best doctors to treat her. But she died, died at last.

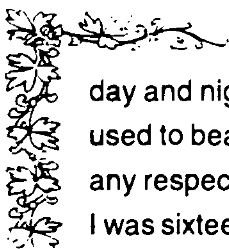
She was my only sister. Now her son has come of age. He should accept his mother's small fortune now. Let Nali's soul rest in peace.

THE SECOND STATEMET

Yes ! Nali is my wife, Manguli is our only son. I am Bhagan Murmu, an immoral beast. That is why Nali left me alone. Those memories of the past are cutting into my soul, my heart. I have lost all my peace with her. I can never forget her for a moment.

My father died at my very childhood . He left behind me a very big fortune. My father used to be drunk all the





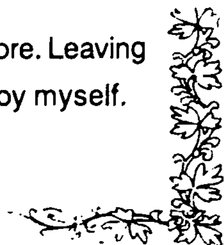
day and night either with Handia of with Mahuli very often used to beat my mother. I myself never cared her, showed any respect to her. I started mixing with young girls before I was sixteen. I used to spend nights after nights with them. Being rich it was no problem. I paid them well. My mother always used to tell me to bring her one daughter -in-law. She was old and weak. She could harldly do the house - hold work. Being disgusted of her request, I agreed to marry. I married a poor girl. I thought that she could never collect courage to interfere in my affairs. In our first married night, they put us both in to a small room. On our first meeting I told her bluntly, "You see ! I never wanted to be married, never wanted you. I have already been married. I never wanted you. I have already my girls to enjoy . It is only for maa. Do all the work that my mother requires. You will have food to eat, clothes to wear and have other requirements. But do never desire anything more. Do you understad ?"

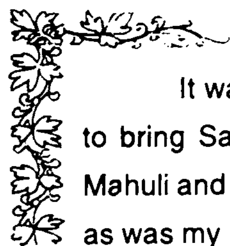
Instantly she stood up, looked straight into my eyes with two big watery - eyes. Forgot her veil.

I did n't care and told her again. Yet even if you wish for, "You will get nothing. I am telling you again, I have my girls to enjoy. Now go to bed and sleep."

She told me nothing, watched me as before. Leaving her alone in the bed-room, I went away to enjoy myself.

***





It was a late afternoon. Mother went to the forest to bring Sal-leaves to make plates for market. I drank Mahuli and sat upon a cot preparing rope of Sahoi grass, as was my usual routine. Nali came, and stood in front of me. I had no interest in her. I had not even looked up to see her face. I was as busy with my work as before.

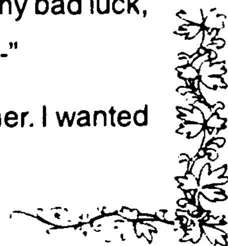
She came very close to me, knelt down, touched my feet and said - "Will you - will you please do hear me ? I have something to tell you..."

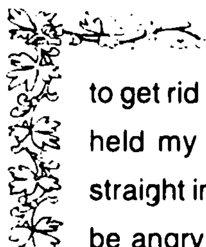
I became annoyed, looked up and with my cruel and hoarse voice asked her, "What do you want ? Why did not you tell it to maa ? Do you want money ?? Do you want clothes ?"

She answered - "Clothes ? money ? Oh No, I want nothing of the kind." She bent her face down, made her small voice very very soft, appealing and said - "I want... I want... please do give me a child. Your child. I want to be a mother.... a mother to your child."

" What !!" I stood up, stunned. What nonsense this mad girl is asking for ?? She went on saying with her soft, feeeble voice , "Though you are my man, for my bad luck, I could never have either you, or a your love -"

"Oh !! " I tried to stop her, to interrupt her. I wanted





to get rid of the situation. I felt so uneasy. But she stood up, held my chin cupping with her two thin hands, looked straight into my eyes and pleaded, "Please, please do not be angry with me. I will never ask for either your love or anything in future. I beg of you. Please do give me a child. I have a great pain inside me. I cannot live alone. I am so shameless a girl to tell you so. But...." she covered her face and started crying bitterly.

Instantly I felt uneasy, restless, became very angry....angry and told her, - "Do not create a scene. Go away....."

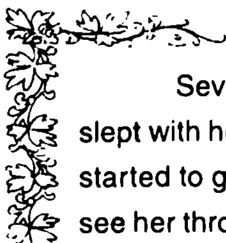
But instead of her going away, I went out. While going, looked back, she was crying bitterly lying on the floor as before.

****

Days passed. My mental peace disappeared. It was late hour of a moon lit night. I tried to sleep but in vain. Mahuli could not satisfy my thirst. Two deep waterly eyes were going on floating in front of my eyes. What have I seen there ? Love ? Hatred !! Acute pain ?? I did not like to go to any one of my women. Some mild feeble voice was hitting at my ears, haunting my heart - Give me a child, make me a mother.

How dare she !!





Seven months passed after our marriage. I never slept with her. One night, I made up my mind. Got up and started to go to her bed room. She was not there. I could see her through our small window. She was standing by a wooden pillar of our low thatched mud house, looking at the beautiful moon.

I went to her, placed my hands on her shoulder and called by her name softly - "Nali !!"

But at my very sight, very touch she fainted. I did not leave her there. I brought her up to her bed. I used my strong hands wih great care, patted her forehead lovingly. All of a sudden, I found my heart, to be very much in love with her. It was quite a different feeling which filled my heart with an acute pain and joy at the same time.

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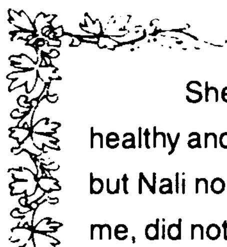
Once I have told her , "I am an immoral brute. Do you really love me ?"

She bent her head down and replied, " G o d knows, heaven knows, how deeply I love you. Love is like a fish - hook in my heart, you know. It is not easy either to keep it inside or to throw it out. There is no way. Did not you ever know ??"

:Yes, I knew, I knew it afterwards."

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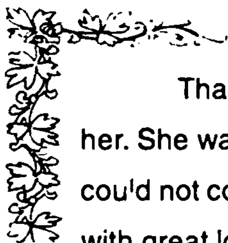
She gave birth to a male - child, our son. He was healthy and very beautiful like his mother. I was very happy but Nali now totally a changed woman. She did n't talk to me, did not want me any more. She always wanted to see her son. I became envious. I made arrangements so that Nali could not have the child with her. I told her that, because of her poor health the child should not stay with her. I had appointed one maid- servant to take care of and to give breast feeding to our child. Consequently, my wife fell really ill. I was much astonished to discover my own heart. There was no place for any other woman but my wife was the only queen there. My heart bled to discover that she no more was caring me. She did not even want to talk to me. She could no more tolerate my presence.

I gave up sleeping, gave up all luxuries. Tried to look after her, tried to make her happy and tried my best to regain her love but in vain.

***

Long five years nearly passed in the same way. Her health gradually deteriorated. Doctors prohibited my presence by the patient's bed-side. I used to look after her from out side. I used to go to her when she was asleep. I was restless with the pain in my heart.





That night, instead of doctor's warning I went to her. She was asleep, lying on the cot, looking very thin. I cou'd not control myself, bent down, kissed her forehead with great love and called softly - "Nali ! My sweet heart ! my dearest love !"

She opened her eyes, red and watery.

"Be a good girl Nali ! Eat according to doctor's advice, regain health, I want you, want you so much."

"Oh ! Oh !! Is that you ?" She made her eyes rounder and bigger. Holding my hands tightly asked, "Tell me first, why have you taken my son away ? What wrong have I done do you ?? Being my husband you never loved me. I left you free. I beg of you, have mercy, please... please do return my son to me. Oh !!" she started crying.

I patted her neglected hair with great care, love and said, "Believe me Nali ! Please do forgive all my offences. I love you, I love only you. I will do all you say, all you wish."

She looked at me for a moment. She could not believe my words, covered her face again and cried, "It is a lie.... a lie...."



"I hope for nothing more. Have mercy please, please do return my son" she implored.

"All right, you will have what you want.", I told her in disgust.

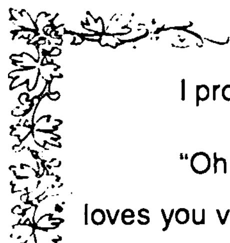
I was hurt. I sent Manglu to his mother. But that very night she died. I have lost all my peace and happiness with her. I can never forget her eyes for a moment. My heart is bleeding inside me, and will bleed uptill the day of my death. I have done many wrong things. I am a ruthless brute. I beg of you my brothers! grant me death, grant me life punishment. I want to meet my Nali in hell or heaven. The sooner the better. I will never beg of your forgiveness. I have no right to get forgiveness.

I bent my head and went away.....

***

THE THIRD STATEMENT

Yes, Nali was my mother. I am Manglu Murmu, her only son. From my very childhood, I heard my mother to be a lunatic woman. I have seen her lying on a cot and going to the doctors with others' help. Though I was only five years old at that time, I can remember that very day vividly. Father came to me and giving me a laddu said, "Go to you mother my son ! She wants to see you..."



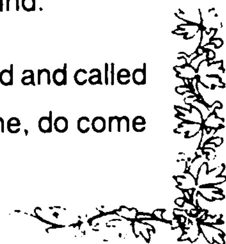
I protested, "I will not go to her, she is mad...."

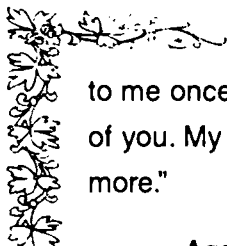
"Oh ! she is not mad my child ! She is only ill. She loves you very much. You should be a good boy and will go and meet her."

I went to her room with a great fear within my small heart. When I nearly reached her, she caught me. Caught me very tightly and preseed my little body very close to her bossom with a great satisfaction. She uttered a murmur "Oh ! Oh! my son ! my love ! my heart ! I am dying to see you, to have your touch. Once I have got you, now I will never let you go away, never, never." She kissed me madly.

From my very childhood, I was brought up by my maid-servant, my nurse. I was never acquainted, with a mother's love or affection. My mother's hands were so thin ! My mother's voice was so feeble ! My heart was full of fear. I got more afraid of her than before. I wanted to make myself free. I was very strong like my father. After some pulling and pushing, I made myself free. But Alas !! my poor mother fell down from he cot on the ground.

Throughout the night she shouted, cried and called me again and again - "Oh my son ! come to me, do come





to me once more. I cannot leave this world only because of you. My heart ! My love ! Please do come to me once more."

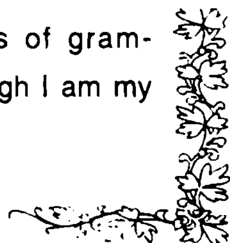
Again cried, "Oh God ! What have I done to you ? Why this punishment ? Please do take away my life. I can bear no more."

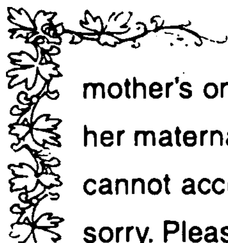
In a very weak and soft tone she was going on repeating, "My Darling ! my husband ! Do n't you know how deeply I loved you and wanted you !!! How I wanted to hear sweet things from you day after days, night after nights keeping wide awake! Do you really love me ? Is it true ? Is it really true ?? Oh God ! Do forgive me. I want to live with my husband year after years. I beg of you, do not take me away, not away from him".

Father sat by her bed side, the whole of the night, keeping her head in his lap with great love and care. He was crying and saying again and again "Do not leave me.. Nali !! Don't leave me".

But she died, died at last. After her death, I cried loudly for my mother for the first time. "Oh God ! let my mother's soul rest in peace".

"Oh my respected elder brothers of gram-panchayat, I am sorrry, I am so sorry. Though I am my





mother's only child and heir, I could not give my mother her maternal right. I have no right to accept her fortune. I cannot accept it . I will not accept. I am sorry, very very sorry. Please do forgive me".

****

He bent his head down. Left the meeting and went away with tears in his eyes.

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KANYA

(This name is the symbol of womankind)

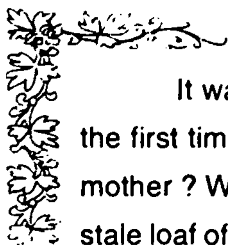
It was a festive day. We worship Goddess Durga as the symbol of power itself. Goddess Durga represents the image of woman in general. But in real life ? In real life how helpless they women are ??

It was nearly dawn. I was a priest. After my bath I was going to Debi-Mandap (Goddess's pendal) murmuring holy hymes by myself. One scout boy came to me. Giving me some papers told - Dear elder brother, please do keep these papers with you. We will read them later. A woman has committed suicide by hanging herself from a road side tree. In her declaration she blamed no one for her unnatural death. We have given the record to the police. But we have kept her diary with us.

Keeping those paper sheets, I came towards the "mandap" and finished puja. After finihing my puja, I came to a nearby lonely place and started reading the papers by myself.

Paper No. 1

A son and daughter, are two sweet flowers of one bunch. But for breakfast, my mother gave me a rejected loaf of bread with salt, to my brother Kanu she gave cake, pudding and honey.



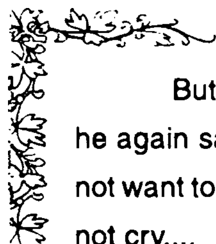
It was the daily routine. But at the age of ten, for the first time, I rebelled. I rebelled and said-What is this mother ? Why are you behaving like this ? I will not take stale loaf of bread, onion and salt. Mother answered - If you do not want to take, do not take. Do not make a fuss over it.

I was very much angry and was just going to throw my food down when mother came and pulled me by my ears saying Shameless girl ! Are you a son to behave like this !! No one knows where and how you will have to spend your future -life with your in-laws. Being a daughter you are a calamity to the family. Behave yourself.

I am the fourth daughter to my parents. My father married again to another woman. She gave birth to Kanu, the only son to the family. My own mother treated him well and made a hero out him. Now I can understand that, otherwise, she could have lost her safe shelter and her supreme position in our house hold also.

Being extremely angry and offended, I covered my eyes with my two hands. I came out of the room. I was crying bitterly and trying my best to control my tears. Kanu came to me and asked : Are you crying ? Are you crying for cake and honey my darling sister? I told him nothing.





But patting on my back as an elder brother does he again said - Please do have my cake and honey, I do not want to eat it. But, please, please my darling sister ! do not cry....

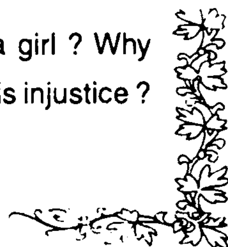
I looked at him back, as if some one had whipped me. Though I said him nothing, my burning eyes told him the truth i.e. I did not want any thing at all, but, just JUSTICE !.

Paper No. 2

Father bought a book for Kanu. Shouting loudly after my father, he was trying to read, 'T-I-G-E-R" makes tiger. I came in with great excitement and asked father - Father, will you not give me a book ? Shall I not read too ?? Father repolied angrily - Oh ! why are you shouting ? Do' not disturb. Kanu is my darling son, and, will read. You are a daughter, go and help your mothers if you wish to. My eyes, which were burning as well, filled with tears. I looked back at my father but said nothing. I was hurt.

Coming out of the place with a heavy heart, I threw myself upon a cot. With tears in my eyes, looking up I asked to the unseen God again and again,

- Oh God, why have You made me a girl ? Why have You sent me to the earth at all ?? Why this injustice ? Why ? Why ??



Paper No. 3

My marriage was fixed when I was twelve years old. I had to go to my father in - law's house when I had just reached my teens. Giving my hand away in marriage, my father was greatly relieved. But the burden of life was very heavy for my age. My husband was a rich man. He never granted me leave, even for a day, to stay with my father's family. Ten long years passed by. My father died. My mother had lost her eye - sight . Kanu a big man now. I got the news that he had no time at all. He neither remembered his sister nor came to see her. Being captive in my in-law's house, I always prayed God to let me free so that I can meet my mother and brother once more. But day after day, my agonies became unbearable . I gave birth to four daughters during the period of ten years. My maid servant took care of them. Once I discovered my hsband sharing bed with one of my maid servants. I was not the one who would tolerate this as my mother. I protested against his act. But in reaction he shouted shamelessly abusing me, - You ! Rotten woman ! You are worthless like a barren field. You could not even give me a son. What is the use of you being in this household ? Do you think I love you ! Love you any more !! Truly speaking... No !! I never loved you.

Again spoke he - It is my house. It will run according to my wish. I will enjoy myself with anyone I like. If you have any objection you can be off with yourself. I was dumb struck. I looked at him with wide open eyes filled with tears. My children slept with their maids as usual. I bent my head and left the house. Left the house for ever.

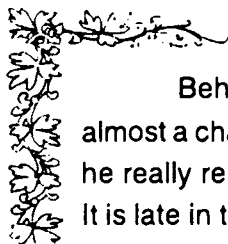
Paper No. 4

After so many years, after so much anguish, I came out of my husband's house and reached my brother's. It was late in the night.

I had heard the news of father's death earlier. I knew my mother to be blind and deaf then. But I always remembered Kanu's affection and love for me. With a great hope I came to him for shelter, because I was unable to adjust with my husband any more.

When I was entering our house, some - one shouted - Who ? Who is there ?

He was a servant. I looked at him, tried to tell tha..... I am ...... I am........ but, could not just say a thing. Hearing him Kanu's wife came shouting - You dirty beggar ! How dare you to come inside ? Are you begging or do you want service ? But we have all the servants we required. Get out.....



Behind her was Kanu. Though I became thin and almost a changed woman in those past years, yet, couldn't he really recognise me ! His own sister's face !! He said - It is late in the night, woman. There is no shelter here. Go away and try your luck else where.

Oh God ! Oh God !! What should I have to do ! Coming out of my brother's house, looking up with folded hands, my desperate voice cried within me again and again - Oh God ! Oh my God !! Where shall I go ? Do let me know where there is a place for me ?? In my husband's house there is no place for me, In my brother's house I am not even recognised. Even in this independent country we women are just as geometrical point, we women have nothing of our own, but existence. Hundreds and thousands of women endure all tortures meekly in utter silence. But, but in my opinion, from the beginning , each one of us should have to be strong enough, not to allow this injustice prevail upon *** . I could do nothing. Therefore, I am forced to destroy my life.

Oh God ! Do forgive me. Forgive this act of mine.

- The End-

I, thePujari of Goddess Durga, looked at the statue of 'MAA' (the holy mother). I felt as if the statue came to life. Laughing at me, was asking me again and agian whether we only worship the images or deep inside us do we really have true respect for the womankind of real life !!!

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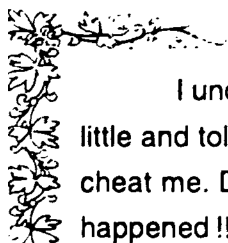


THE HERITAGE

Dear Readers, the heroine of this story is not a sweet young lady but a highly intellectual well established Principal of a renowned Women's college. She was the only child and heir of a rich father. Took higher education in London. Ignoring Indian culture she very much appreciated foreign tradition. She is Srilekha.

It was a festive evening. Mr. Pathak's only daughter was getting married. The house and lawn were delightfully decorated. The bride wearing a red Banarasi Saree and the groom wearing yellow churidar - pyzama were seated upon a decorated lotous like throne. Both of them wore Mukuts* (Decorate caps normally use for marriage) on their heads and bound mango-leaves on their wrists. All the guests were in festive - mood. Some of them were dancing according to an English tune, some were drinking and some of them were enjoying Indian food. But inspite of this pompous situation my eyes, all of a sudden, fell upon my childhood friend Srilekha, who behind a bush of the garden, was crying hiding her face with two hands. With great astonishment, I went and patted her back, asked - Hey ! what happened ?

She looked up, startled, answered a little later - Nothing, nothing happened. It is only a severe headache that bothers me, bothered so much that I have to come here to hide my pain.



I understood that she was telling a lie. I laughed a little and told - Lekha, I know you very well. Do not try to cheat me. Do not tell me a lie. Do tell me the truth. what happened !!

Without looking at me she bent her head down. I saw her to be buried in deep thoughts and hesitation.

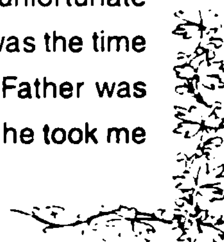
Again I patted her back with great love and affection and told - Do relax my friend, do try to make yourself free, do try to share the pain you are suffering from, with me. It will surely unburden your heart to some extent.

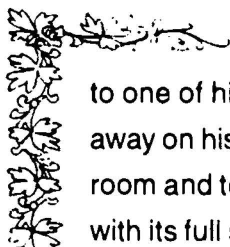
She looked up at me with two painful watery eyes and told in a very low tone - Usha, You are my friend, a friend of old time. I want... want to tell you something... some memories those are hunting me all through my life... She started...

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I was the only child to my father you know. After my mother's death, I became just like a shadow to him. He brought me up with great care, love and affection. You were my only friend then. But because of your father's transfer you went away. I was very lonely.

I can now clearly remember that the unfortunate day, when that fatal incident had occurred. It was the time of the Car Festival of Lord Jagannath, Puri. Father was S.P. there and was very busy. After breakfast, he took me





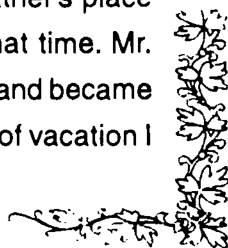
to one of his close friend's house. Left me there and went away on his duty. After lunch aunty showed me their guest-room and told me to take rest. The fan above was running with its full speed. With a comics in hand I went to bed. But never knew when and how I fell into such a sound sleep !!

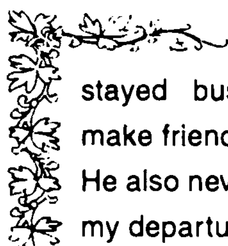
Feeling a strong bitter burning sensation inside whole of my body, all of a sudden, I woke up, and found the Zephyr of my pant to be wide open. Someone was holding my body very tightly to his. Within one instant, applying all my strength, I pushed him down and saw him to get out of the room, very swiftly, crawling. The light inside the room was very faint. It was nearing evening. I could neither see his face nor could recognise him. Though I was only thirteen years old by then, I understood that my purity of woman-hood had been finished.

After this incident, I started hating all men folk but my father. I was reading in a co-education. I stood first at the school in my class and declared the best athelet of the school. Everywhere over there I became an example to the youngsters.

***

Days, months and years passed by. I was doing M.A. in Patna. On a vacation I came to my father's place Junagarh, where he was D.G. of Police at that time. Mr. Bhujang Raj, a junior I.P.S. joined there as S.P. and became my father's favourite. During the whole month of vacation I





stayed busy with my books. Neither I ever wanted to make friendship with him nor ever wanted to talk to him. He also never took any chance on this matter. But before my departure, to Patna, I went to see a picture i.e. "Ram Bhakt Hanuman" with Papa. But, after sometime, Papa went out of the hall, because of an urgent mobile call, requesting Mr. Bhujang to give me company for the rest of the show.

It was the scene, where, tearing his breast Hanumanjee was showing Sita-Ram seated there in. I, Just asked, "Do you believe it Mr. Bhujang ? Can it ever be true ?"

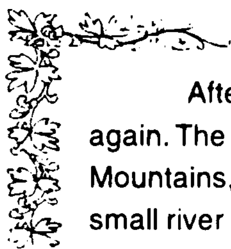
He looked up straight into my eyes, which pierced into my heart and answered - I do beleive it. There is someone's portrait also embedded in my heart. Had I the power to show, even you could see it.

I bent my head down, could not ask whose picture it was that he wanted to show. An uncanny feeling swept through my body. Up till the end, I could not see the picture but, could feel his look touching all over my body again and again.

Then, one day, I went to Patna to appear in my P.G. final examination.



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After my exam I came back to my father. Junagarh again. The natural views of the place are excellently nice. Mountains, trees are delightfully decorated by nature. A small river by the side of our house was flowing, dancing, singing and laughing on its own way. It was a beautiful afternoon. Father went some where on his duty. I was enjoying myself sitting alone upon a chair on the lawn. All of a sudden, I found Mr. Bhujang Raj was standing by my side, telling - Good afternoon Miss Lekha ! How are you? Have you written your exam well ?

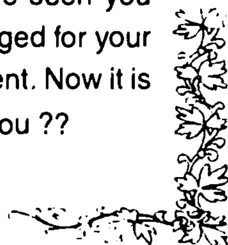
Oh ! Everything is okey with me. But I am afraid Papa is not at home if you want to talk to.

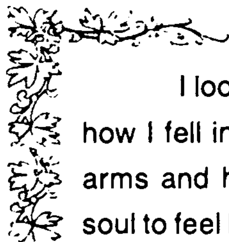
He interrupted - Oh it is not your Papa but I want to talk to you. Will you please give me five minutes' time ?

I did not know why, but I was very much afraid of his presence. My heart became cold. That uncanny feeling again gripped me. To escape, I told - Please do sit down. Let me bring a cup of coffee for you.

He again interrupted - Please ... do'nt go away, don't bother about coffee, take your seat. Please....

I sat and bent down my head. Very apprehensive, as if something would happen, something was going just to happen. He started telling, telling very softly - I love you Lekha ! I loved you from the very day I have seen you first. I have told everything to your father, begged for your hands in marriage and he has given his consent. Now it is up to you. Will you please accept me ? Will you ??



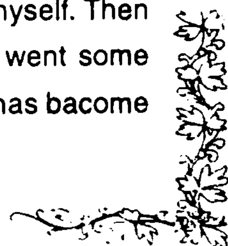


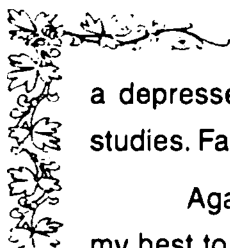
I looked up, up at his face. I never know when and how I fell in love with him. I wanted to get into his open arms and have shelter. I desired with all my heart and soul to feel his embrace. But I couldn't. all of a sudden the vision of that total incident danced in front of my eyes and became a strong barrier between two of us. hiding my face with two hands, I started crying. He came to me. With great love, affection. He drew my body close to his bossom, kissed my forehead, patted my hair and told - Lekha ! My darling ! My angel ! Do cool down, I have no right to bring tears to your eyes. But do not think me an ungrateful beast. Do never bother about your lonely father. I am giving my word of honour that, I will take care of him all through my life. Do believe me -

Crying pathetically I told - Oh No, no. It is not possible. Please, please forgive me Bhujang ! I cannot marry you, can never marry you.

He let me off and with painful voice, told - Please do forgive me. Be happy with the lucky man you love. I will never come to you with my proposal again. Please, do forgive me. His voice came lower and lower... He went out.

He went away and I was crying by myself. Then he resigned his I.P. service . Left the town, went some where else and joined some other job. Papa has bacome





a depressed person now. I went to London for higher studies. Father died one year later.

Again I came back to India, secured a job and tried my best to be busy with my duty.

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After so many years, to-day, in this marriage ceremony, I met Mr. Bhujang with his wife and two cute boys.

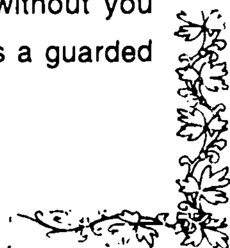
Introducing me with his wife, he told - This is the girl I have told you about, so many times, and introduced me - This is my wife and they the kids, but, please doi ntroduce me to your your husband ? Won't you ??

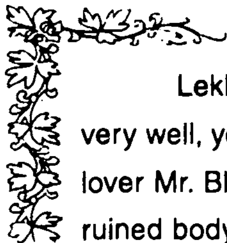
I looked wide open into his eyes and answered - I am still a spinster.. I am sorry .

With a great affection, I touched the boys' chins and went away with an uncontrollable desire to hear "Maa" from them but in vain. What can I do Usha ! What shall I do !! I have lost everything, everything...

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I told - You native fool ! What made you discard Mr. Bhujang out your life ? Why do you bother, so much on the fault that has been committed even without you knowledge ! No one knows about you. It is a guarded secret of your life..



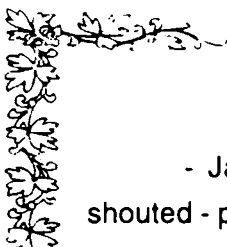


Lekha answered very calmly - But, I knew that very well, you know. I could have neither approached my lover Mr. Bhujang nor any one as my husband with this ruined body! I lost the sanctity of my womanhood in my teens. My heritage is mingled with my flesh and blood. I could have done nothing for me.

I did not contradict. I simply bent my head and supported her opinion with my heart. We should never ignore our heritage .

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THE CONSEQUENCE

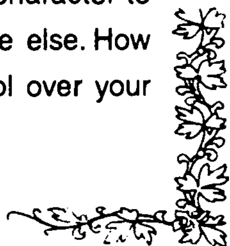
- Jaggu! Jaggu! with her small voice Echchei shouted - please do hear me -

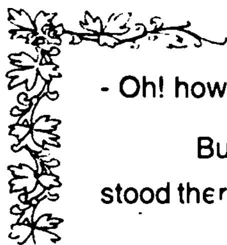
It was a village path, with grass and bushes on the both sides. Time was noon. The Sun beam was very scorching and painful to the body. There were some big trees with shadow nearby. Echchei was following Jaggu. She knew that, it was his returning time. By walking and running she came nearer and stood in front of Jaggu. With a heavy breath and small voice she told -Jaggu ! I have to tell you something. I am going to be your child's mother. Do make me your wife and take me to your house. Otherwise my father will beat me, me to death.

- How can I take you to my house ? What will my parents say ? Have I no prestidge !!

- You told that, you are the only child and your parents will act according to your wish. You should declare the truth, that, you are going to be a father, that, we are in love with each other.

- Oh ! how can I tell them ! I cannot even be satisfied with you by myself. You have lost your head and character to me and you may lose it once again to someone else. How can I believe ! Whereas you have no control over your emotion !!





- Oh! how dare you say this ??

But not hearing her, Jaggu went away. Echchei stood there hiding her face with two hands crying bitterly.

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It was a dark night. Clouds were floating across the sky. Thunders were shouting and lightening laughing. Echchei came and knocked the door of Jaggu. He opened the door. Looking at the bloodshed bundle of a new born baby with rotten cloths asked angrily

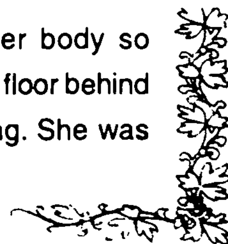
- Why have you come here ?

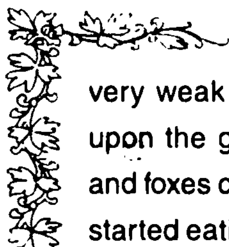
- On Jagu ! It is your child. The result of our love. I will not want to be your wife. I will beg nothing more of you. You have so many maid servants in your house. Keep me as one. Please do save his life it's ours you know.

- I want to know nothing. I neither want to see your child nor you. Get out of this place, get out of my sight. Some one may find us in this way.

In this dark night, according to his fahter's order, she went to the river side, to dig a pit to put the child inside. But instead of putting the child inside the pit she came to Jaggu to save, the child's life.

Saying "get out" Jaggu pushed her body so violently that Echchei fell down upon the mud floor behind the bush and fainted. The rain started falling. She was





very weak after childbirth. The new born baby also fell upon the ground with its mother. After some time, dogs and foxes came and pulled the hands and legs of the baby, started eating. But its mother could know nothing. She was senseless.

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After long fifteen years we found Jaggu shaw Mr. Jagabandhu a highly honourable person in the society with a full family. But Echchei ?? Echchei became a mad woman loitering here and there without proper dressing clothigs, starving.

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Dear Girls ! Couldn't we have any lesson out of this ?? Shouldn't our girls think over and over before losing their heads!! It is nothing but only God's creation !

Girls have to be aware of !!

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Bio Data

Name	:	**Smt. Durgabati Tripathy**
Date of Birth	:	3rd October 1929 (Cuttak)
Name of the father	:	Late Prof. Narayan Misra
Mother	:	Late Taramani Debi
Husband	:	Late Amarendra Nath Tripathy
Children	:	
Sons	:	Three
Daughters	:	Two
Permanent Address	:	Vill / Po - Durgapur, Via-Betnoti - 757025 Dist - Mayurbhanj, Orissa, India.
Telephone	:	Std - 06793 - 220314
Profession	:	Basically house wife, looking after own farming, operates a 10 H.P. Rice huller, writting as a hobby.
Achievements	:	Started writing from age TEN. Web site, English poems durgabati.50g.com
Published		1. Narira Nijakatha, 2. Silalipi, 3. Naibedya (Collection of short stories), 4. Smruti O Sansar (Essay), 5. Lipika (Poem Collection) 6. Poems, stories and articles published in various magazines from 1944.

Awards & Honours :

First prize for short story 'BANDHYA' 1954 by PPrajatantra Prachar Samiti translated into english. The Barren Woman, 1954. The Story NOLI, Announced in akash Bani, Cuttack, 1964. Honoured by Orissa Sahitya Academy, 1980. Honoured by Uttaranchal Sahitya Sansad. Honoured by Inner Wheel Lions Club, 1982. Honoured by CH Trust, IMFA Sarala Award, 2000. Honoured by Satya Bhabani Puraskar, Orissa Lekhika Sansad, 2002.

